Never Ask "Him" If You Are First Love

BY DOROTHY DIX. The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

The other night," said a middle-aged woman, "I was wait ing in a hotel lobby for a friend, when I inadvertently became

Wolf From Door

an eavesdropper on the billing and cooing of a pair of young "The first thing that I heard was the Coyote To Drive

"The first thing that I heard was the youth asking the girl if she was sure she had never loved before. Then she inquired of him if he really, truly true, certain he had never cared for another woman in the wide, wide world. Then he asked her if she was sure that she would never love again, and she questioned him as to the deathlessness of his affection. Then he inquired of her if he should die was she certain that she would never love or marry again, and she asked him if God should take her was he sure that no other woman would ever fill her place in his heart and life.

other when we were courting, some thirty-odd years ago.

"And I wondered if we had it all to do over again, how many middle aged people, with the experience of matrimony behind them, would wasts much time on asking each other hypothetical questions about love, and what they might, would, or should do under some supposition circumstances.

"For as we grow older we find out that love isn't the whole of existence. It is merely the meringue on the lemon pie of life, and there are a great many things that make more for our peace and comfort than the state of the affections of even our husbands and wives, and a lot of things are more important to us while we are alive than whether they would marry or not after we are dead.

"If I was going to be married senior."

they would marry or not after we are dead.

"If I were going to be married again, for instance, I should not ask the man if I was his first love, because, in the first place, I should know that I was forcing him to lie to me like a gentleman. And, in the second place, I shouldn't care how often he had loved hefore, provided I was his last love. It doesn't really matter to a woman what other previous tenants have had temporary leases of her husband's heart, provided, in the end, he bestows upon her the title deed to it, properly signed and scaled.

Nor would I ank a man whether he ild ever love again, or not, for I id know that was a question that human being can answer honestly, eover, as long as I live I feel that job of keeping him reasonably nored of myself is one that I can not to, and after I am dead if he find consolation in another love I id not keep him from it if I d,

"I cannot think that it would add to my joys in my heaven to know that the man I loved, and whose happiness and comfort had been the chief thing I had striven for in life, was lonely, and old, and neglected, with no one to see that he had the food that agreed with him or that he changed his shoes when he came home with damp feet. The idea of an angel playing on her harp with one hand, and holding on with a death grip to her mortgage on her ex-husband, has never been one that appealed to me.

"Now, if I were going to be married again I should let the sentimental inquiries go and trust to luck that the man who was going to assume my board bill and shopping ticket entertained an affection for me that offset the liabilities he was assuming, and so I should get right down to brase tacks. "I shouldn't question him so much about the state of his heart as the state of his liver, for it's a man's liver that makes him livable, or otherwise. I should want to know if he sung while he shaved of a morning, or if he was one who got up with a dark brown

should want to know if he sung while he shaved of a morning, or if he was one who got up with a dark brown taste in his mouth, and who kicked the cat, and grouched over his food, and whom it wasn't safe to speak to until he lad had two cups of coffee, and the eggs and bacon had gotten in their mollifying work.

"And I shouldn't ask him how he intended to treat his wife. I should inquire whether his idea of a wife was a show window that he could deck out with jewels and fine clothes to exhibit the state of his prosperity. Or whether his conception of a wife was a combination cook and seamstress, and nurse and baby tender, and a general utility light-running domestic machine, or whether he wanted a wife who would be a friend, and companion, and business pariner.

light-running domestic machine, or whether he wanted a wife who would be a friend, and companion, and business pariner.

"Yes, before I married again I certainly would find out whether my husband was going to parade me around to show me off, or leave me at home while ne went out to enjoy himself, or pal akound with me at home and elsewhere because he enjoyed my society.
"And if I were going to marry again I should certainly try-to get a line on the temper and disposition of the man with whom I was proposing to spend the next 40 or 50 years.
"I would want to know what he was likely to say to me when he quit telling me I was the most beautiful and wonderful thing on earth, and how he worshiped me, and had to discuss the bills with me, I should want to know if he was the sort of man that would take out me all the temper, and nervos, and irritation that he dare not expend on his clients, or his patients, or his customers, because my whole happiness as a wife would depend on the answer to that duestion.

"And I would ask the man I was going to marry for his views on the financial question, and whether he thought a wife was entitled to an individual pocketbook, or should be grateful to her husband for permitting her to toil for her board and what clothes he chose to give her.

"And I imagine if my husband were going to marry me again he would skip lightly over the love stuff, and try to ascertain whether I masqueraded my temper under the alias of nerves, and whether I had the curtain lecture habit, and what sort of a cook I was.

"Perhaps widows and widowers do put their number tows through this sort of a sane lovers' catechism instead of the old fool one, and that is why second marriages are generally happier than first.

(Copyright, 1220, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

first. (Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndi-cate, Inc.)

. Household Hints

Angel Cake—One cup sugar, one cup flour, three teaspoons baking powder, a pinch of sait. Sift three times. Scald a cup of milk, pour over all while hot, then add the beaten whites of two eigs. Do not grease pans.

This makes one medium sized cake and is very cehap.

Devil's Food Cake—One cup brown sugar, one cup sweet milk, one cup cocoa. Boil on stove in double boiler until like thick cream. Let cool, then into one-half cup milk (sweet), one cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, (leaving one white for frosting) one teaspoon soda, two cups flour, sifted five times, sait and vanifa. Add this to above mixture.

Egg Souffle—Make a cream sauce of one teaspoon butter, one teaspoon sait.

Egg Souffle—Make a cream sauce of one teaspoon butter, one teaspoon salt a tablespoon flour and one cun milk; when the sauce is cool add the yolks of three eggs, then fold in the whites, well beaten. Pour in a baking dish and bake in a rather warm oven for twenty minutes.

This "dish" is a variation from the usual ways of serving eggs. It is quickly made, and is especially nice for uncheons.

Danish Apple Cake—Mix one-third cup of vegetable oil with one-half cup of brown sugar. Add one egg and one rup of flour. Beat well. Pour into three well oiled round pans and bake until a light brown. Put together with apple sauce. Pour over the top a custard made of two cups of milk, one tablespoon corn starch, and one-half cup sugar. The cake must be put together while hot and the custard poured over it while hot. Allow to stand 24 hours before serving.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

Bernice is an auspicious name. It means "bringing victory," and is one of the many names derived from the Greek "nike" signifying victory. Nike was the goddess of victory and named the images which adorned the prows of warships of Greece. The famons winged victory is the largest of the nikes.

Feminine names ending in "nike" were very popular with the Greeks. Berenike was used in early times in Macedonia and was sometimes spelled Pherenike. The princesses of the two Greek kingdoms of Syria and Egypt favored Berenike and there are innumerable instances of its use by them in early Greek history.

It was from these royal patrons that Bernice came to be adopted by the family of Herod. The name occurs frequently in the history of Christianity and it was borne by that Bernice who heard the defense of St. Paul.

France liked the name, though it seems to lack all trace of French influence. The peasants of Normandy created Berenice and bestowed it upon the daughters. The French Veronique and the English Veronica are said to be corrupt forms of the name, but much doubt is east upon such a contention. and to bring her true love. It is be-lieved that one can note the waxing and waning of the moon in its depths and that lovers can read the future therein. Monday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number. (Copyright, 1929, by the Wheeler Syn-dicate, Inc.)

Note to readers: Is there a fact con-cerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meanins; its derivation and signifi-cance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall wil tell you. Send self-addressed and stamped en-yelope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News Scimitar.

Women of Today



UNCLE WIGGILY AND BILLIE'S BOBBER.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Uncle Wiggily have you got one of those things?" asked Billie Busbytail, the little squirrel boy, of the draibint gentieman one day, as they were both hopping through the woods on their way from school.

"One of what things?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as his pink noce twinkled extra strong for he smelle! sassafras leaves and wanted some. "What do you mean, Billie boy?"

"I mean one of those things that give mad down when you go fishing for to catch a whale, but all the "Where is he?" BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Uncle Wiggly, have you got one those things?" asked Billie Busbytt the little squirrel boy, of the lid rub gentleman one day, as they were because

"Well, he isn't here," said Billie, noncommittal like.

"He was with you a little while ago,"
gargled the Pip. "Where is he now?
You must tell me!"
"I don't know, and if I did know I
wouldn't tell!" said brave Billie. Then
the bad chap gave another hungry
souse-like howl and cried.

"Ah, I see him! There he is!" and he
pointed to Billie's red and green fishing bobber floating in the water. "There
he is!" cried the Pip.

"Why, what are you talking about?"
asked Billie. "That isn't Uncle Wiggily at all! That's only my—

"Hush! Don't tell me! I know better!" suickered the Pipslsewah. "If
that isn't Uncle Wiggily, it's his red,
white and blue striped rheumatism
crutch. He's down there, hiding under
the water to get away from me, and
all the stoke up is his crutch. But to tell how heavy it is?" saked the to tell how heavy it is?" saked they burny gentleman, as he and Billic kept hurrying through the woods on their way from school. Or course the burny gentleman didn't go to school to say his leasons. He just went there to see the Lady' Mouse Teacher.

"No. I don't mean a pair of scales." Inche Wiggily, chattered Billie. "I should think the fish could weigh then selves on their own scales." "Well, perhaps they do," laughed the old rabbit gentleman. "But I don't yet know what you want, Billie." "Oh, you know! It's red and green, and I floats on the water fast to your line and when the fish tries to run away from the hook, the red and green, thing jiggles up and down and you see it and you know you have a bite." "Oh, you mean a bobber," exclaimed Mr. Longears. "That's what you want, Billie, a bobber for your fish line." "Yes, that's it." is uighed Billie. "Have you abobber?" "No, I am sorry to say I have not," answered the rabbit gentleman. "But we are near the twenty-two and thriynine cent store and I'll stop in and get you one." "Oh, will you? Thanks:" cried Billie. And soon Uncle Wiggily had bought him a six-cent bobber, made of cork, gally painted red and green. This bobber he could fasten to his fish fine, and then he had a bite. I don't mean a mosquito bite, but affish bite.

Then Billie, thanking Uncle Wiggily, ran off through the woods, and soon he could fasten to his fish fine, and the bank of a little brook, where there ought to have been gold and silver fishes.

"Now I'll know when I get z bite," and then, he fore the proposition of the water. "Uncle Wiggily and bought him a six-cent bobber, where there ought to have been gold and silver fishes.

"Now I'll know when I get z bite," and the he water. "Uncle Wiggily and for through the woods, and soon he water say the water went the Pip, and the water was not lead to the water. "Uncle Wiggily and the water. "Uncle Wiggily and the bank of a little brook, where there ought to have been gold and silver fishes.

"Now I'll kno

where Billie, the squirrel Boy, was handled the same of the ling, and what with the buzzing of the files and the murmur of the brook it was not long before Billie began to fail off the bread, and go to sleep on doze. He forgot all about his bobber, and about catching gold and silver fish, and then—Billie—went—to—sleep!

I didn't catch any han, but he had yin had the molasses doesn't try to fail off the bread, and go to sleep on force, and shout catching gold and silver fish, and then—Billie—went—to—sleep!

Wiggily and Johnny's jumper.

rector of personnel of the women employes of the army and the nature of the work will be very much the same the end of one year may go out on only on a much larger scale as that done by such directors in factories.

STATE FARM A SUCCESS.

The state farm for women in Connecticut, an institution which deals not at all with punishment, but entirely with reform, is proving a success, according to all reports.

Any delinquent woman who has attained the age of sixteen may be sent to the farm is worked, both within and the farm is worked, both within and without doors, by the women, only the health and greatest good of the surroundings.

There is great demand for outdoor work murders. Those who are committed to

Not so very many years ago that story would have thrilisd almost any young girl. To marry a prince, to live in a palace—and then to spend such huge sums for gorgeous clothes was nothing short of fairy lore. The young brides-to-be would read it and dream dreams of untold wealth and romantle courtships by their own prince charming.

It is very doubtful if the story of the American princess creates such thoughts in the minds of many of the modern American girls. Somehow or other princes and palaces have fallen from the high position they once held. Royalty hasn't the lure that it once possessed and even the modern musical comedies are using dashing young Americans, poor but handsome, as their hereas instead of the usual prince-of-some-place-you-never-heard-of. The extravagant troussesu is a different matter, however, and it all depends upon the point of view as to what the modern American girl will think about. From the very modest display and lack of pomp and ceremony which has attended most of the recent weddings among the very wealthy, it may be taken for granted that although every girl loves pretty things even the most extravagant are beginning to feel that such expenditure is foolish and uncalled for.

The great number of "comfortably off" intered with which have might have

is foolish and uncalled for.

The great number of "comfortably off" girls will wish they might have some of the princess' finery, but they will not be unhappy because they cannot. Instead they will exhibit their \$300 wardrobes with more pride and joy than could possibly attend the \$300,000 one.

But those girls who cannot spend one cent upon a trousseau, those young things who must marry without \$19 of the joys of shopping for a trousseau, or attending showers, or buying linens. To them the story of the \$300,000 trousseau will be a stirring invitation to turn Boishevik.

(Copyright, 1920.)

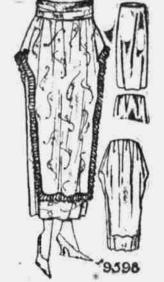
For the Table

in a sauce pan two cups of n.llk, chalf cup of cold water, one level blespoon of cornstarch and five

As a Woman Thinks Husband No Longer Loves Lonely Wife

Dear Mrs. Thompson-I am a married woman of 39 and We have one little daughter four years But I am miserable. He dislikes my children by my first husband and will not let them live with me and it is breaking heart. We live in a very bad neighborhood and I get so lonely with only my little baby, but he doesn't care at all and will not move, although he is able financially.

Fashion's Forecast By Annabel Worthington.



Our fashions and patterns are fur-nished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth street, New York city.

Cheese Puff—Rub three level tablespoons flour and two of butter together
in a sauce pan; add one cup of milk;
stir over the fire until you have a
smooth sauce and add lastly one-half
cup grated cheese; take from fire;
drop in the yolks af four eggs; add
one-half teaspoon salt and a little
cayenne pepper; mix thoroughly; fold
in the beaten whites of the eggs, put
into a casserole and bake in a quick
oven for about 20 minutes.

ole financially.

Ole know he doesn't love me any more for he doesn't pay me any attention, enly comes home to est and to sleep. What de you think of my getting a divorce? Don't you think i'm justified, for I'm outerly miserable?

Marriage at its best is something of a gamble and marrying for the second time and then a man who is more than 29 years your senior is something that requires the most positive proofs of love and unselfish devotion of both the man and the woman. All of this simply falls in line with that old rule, "Look before you leap." Of course, it is too late to remind you of that how, but, please. Alice, pass the word along to some other sister who is thinking of plunging into the sea of matrimony without first being sure of her pilot, won't you? I would be willing to wager that you married very suddenly, didn't you? And I am quite sure that you did not know at the time that your intended husband distiled your children, did you?

But you certainly must have thought at the time you married that you loved him, whether you really did or not. So, Alice, unless you want to be more miserable than you are now, unless you want to week your own life and his also and put a dark spot upon the life of your little daughter, try with the strength of a noble, heroic woman, to stir up that spark of dead, shamtiough-it-be love that you once had for your husband and go on through life, not only making the best of things, but sincerely trying to love and laugh and lift. "We can't have everything, goes the comedy that came is near being a tragedy in its vibration on our own knewley beartstrings. Sing it your and lift. We can have expending goes the comedy that came so hear being a tragedy in its vibration on our own knowing heartstrings. Sing it yourself, and be happy.

bear Mrs. Thompson—Last week I went to a dance at one of the clubs in town. The boy that gave it sent me an invitation and sold me to bring my own escort. I asked a very nice boy friend to take me and he did. When we presented the invitation the man at the door said: "A dollar and a half, please." Of course, the boy paid it and we went in. I was very much emharrassed for I had no idea you had to pay or I never would have asked the boy to take me. What do you think of it? Do you think I ought to make some explanation to him? N. S. O. Yes. you should have said at the it was a pay affair. And if I were you I would tell him the first time you get a chance that you were really embarrassed over the whole thing. It is unfortunate, and, of course, cannot be remedied now, but explaining to him will certainly clear you of any part in it.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am so miserable that I wish I were dead. I became engaged a short while age, but have so far kept my engagement a secret. My flance soon began making me miserable by being foolishly lealous of me. Last night, another boy, as good and kind a gentleman as I have ever met, asked to accompany me to a dance. Not knowing my flance expected to take me, I consented but later broke the date on account of the boy a dance. Not knowing my flance supected to take me, I consented but later broke the date on account of the boy! was engaged to and went to the dance with him. He told me on the way there that he loved me more for breaking the date for him. But later, returning home, both of us were very quiet when suddenly he burst out with." I hate you, I never have loved you or wanted you. Every part of my felling for you has turned to hate." I was stabbed through to the heart, for it was the first time I ever was talked to like that. I always have been full of laughter and fun, but geedness knows I have failed to smile today for to be told I was hated is as a searing how the summer of the boy of the broken date was a noble gentleman and only smiled and said he understood when I broke the date. Of course, I broke the engagement with my flance and do not think I love him any longer. But how can I regain the irlendship of the ether boy? What must I do? I do not want the bey's love, only his friendship.

You should thank your lucky stars you found out the disposition of your fiance before it was too late for a man whose affections can change so suddenly and radically would certainly be anything but an agreeable companion for all time. I don't think you need worry about regaining the friendship of the other man, for it doesn't seen to me that you have lout It. If he has understanding enough to appreciate your position in the first affair, he will soon be able to see that all is over between you and your flance and continue his friendly strength that he is in no danger of being turned down again for any inken-forgranted fiance.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—What colors are most becoming to blondes? I have

granted fiance

Dear Mrs. Thempson—What colors are most becoming to blondes? I have blue eyes and very light hair, and like to wear red, but people say it is not becoming. Who is the new secretary of state and are we still at war with Germany?

Blue, to bring out the color in your eyes or tan and light brown to bring out the golden glints in blond hair ste generally most becoming to blondes. Red kills the blue of your eyes and also gives a greenish tint to hair that is inclined to be golden, as most blond hair is. Mr. Bainbridge Cothy is the new secretary of state. We are still legfilly at war with Germany as we have not signed the treaty of peace.

have not signed the treaty of peace,

Dear Mrs. Thempson—De you think
a girl of 19 is too young to marry? I
am that age and mother wants me to
wait a few years, but I know I love
my fiance and will never love anyone else, so I see no reason for waiting. Are witnesses required at a marriage in Tennesses?

Many girls are as mature in their
judgment and disposition at 19 as others
are at 25, so, after a girl has passed
the silly frivolous ages of 16 and 17,
the question of her massed is a matter that only she or those who knew
her hest can decide. To my mind the
question of marrying young is not so
much whether you are choosing, by
your immature years, the man who
will make you the best husband, as
it is that you are robbing yourself of
se many years of happy girlhood finat
should be yours before you take upon
yourself the responsibilities of a married woman. Yes, witnesses are ruquired at marriages in Tennessee.

GRENADA TO VOTE ON **BIG SCHOOL BOND ISSUE**

GRENADA. Miss., April 5. (Spl.)-The citizens and taxpayers of the city of Grenada, realizing the inadequate facilities and the growing needs of the public school system of the town, have prepared a petition to be presented to the board of mayor and aldermen at their meeting tonight, asking that the council order an election to be held for

BRINGING UP FATHER —By George McManus









LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Children Are Embarrassing—at Times





TELL TILLIE SHE



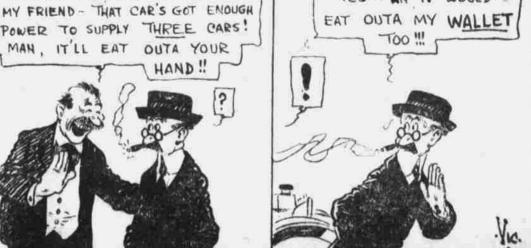


JOE'S CAR-Probably Needs Enough Gas T' Supply Three Cars





POWER ? POWER ? SAY, LISTEN L



YES - AN IT WOULD